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Vol. CLXVI
No. 2170
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AUGUST 23
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Volume CLXVI No. 2170 The SPHERE, London, August 23, 1941

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 23, 1941

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT DIVINE SERVICE ABOARD H.M.S. "PRINCE OF WALES" ON AUGUST 10, 1941, WHEN THE ANGLO-AMERICAN EIGHT-POINT CHARTER WAS CONCLUDED

There is no need to add to the comment caused throughout the world by the dramatic announcement of the meeting between the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain. On this and the following pages, however, we publish a number of pictures taken in H.M.S. *Prince of Wales* and on the U.S. cruiser *Augusta* on this historic occasion when the joint peace aims of the democracies were formulated—and later declared to the world through broadcasts from England and the United States. On Sunday, August 10, President and Premier were both present at the service held on H.M.S. *Prince of Wales*. Surrounded by the highest officers and statesmen of both countries, they took their seats on the deck of the huge battleship, together with British and American seamen of all ranks. Most of the officers and statesmen seen in this picture are named in the larger view reproduced on pp. 228–29 of this issue

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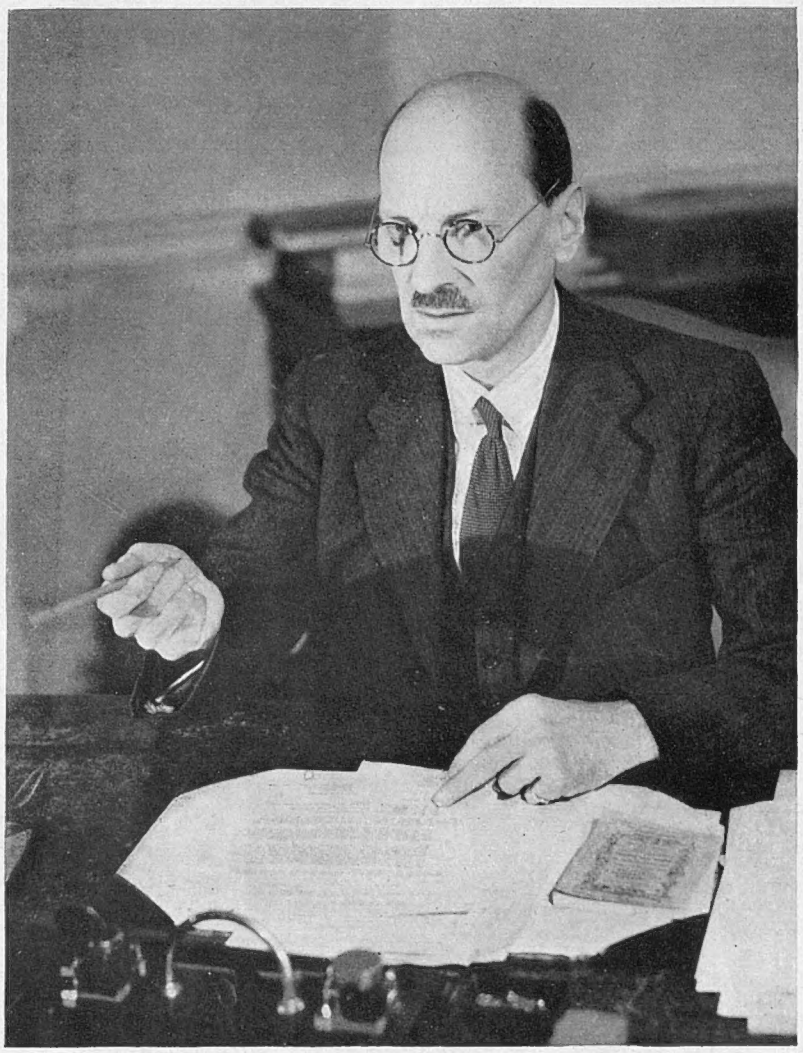
A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 103

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Open Secret. — The British Press deserves a tribute for its integrity, generally, in the matter of Mr. Churchill's voyage. The temptation to be first with the news must have been tremendous, and that temptation was too much for many men in responsible positions in the Civil Service. I heard on August 6 that Mr. Churchill had left this island for a meeting with the President. The news had been given "under the seal of secrecy" by a Foreign Office clerk to his aunt; his aunt conveyed it to me under the same frail seal. One of our few really great literary men gave it as his considered opinion the other day that the intelligence of the British race had steadily declined in the last century; no doubt in direct relation with the advance in public education. I shall not dispute this verdict. My mind is seared with the experience of the intelligence of the High Whackem Food Office, to which on holiday we were compelled to transfer our ration books for necessary action. After a fortnight we are still without the bulk of them, and we have lived on the charity of neighbours and shopkeepers. Every single folly which fools and incompetents could commit in respect of these books has been committed by the High Whackem Food Office, and my hopes of victory have steadily declined (like our national intelligence) as a result of my dealings with High Whackem. If these things are possible under present conditions, what may not happen in a *blitz*? We are in the dangerous age of national education, and the decline in British intelligence and *sense* is to be observed in all classes.

World War.—The Great War of 1914-18 seemed to me a bellyful for one generation. Then came the total war of Hitler in 1939. After two years of it, fought with considerable zest on both sides, it looks as if a World War must develop—Sweden and Switzerland remaining hitherto outside the "concert of Europe," but the rest of the world outside Europe, east, west, north and south, joining in with their drums and fifes pretty completely. This big symphony should make a considerable noise and may be a long time a-playing, for the benefit of an audience composed of Sweden and Switzerland, who do not really enjoy the performance, as they should. This tremendous accretion to the orchestra, set going by Hitler in September 1939, is the direct result of Hitler's decision to attack Russia in June 1941. Shall we of Britain be better or worse off, as a result of that decision, under conditions of World War than under the conditions of limited total war? It is all on paper and in the realms of speculation. It all depends on where the blows fall and how we and our allies may counter them. We cannot doubt that the dragging in of new continents will make the ultimate re-establishment of world order and world trade more difficult than ever, but on paper at least the setting of the chessboard for world warfare will provide a more cheerful picture for the cause of freedom. The British Empire, America, Russia, China, and perhaps Turkey, with the enslaved nations which refuse to accept slavery, make a strong combination against Germany and Italy and their divided group of pressed nations. World war at least brings the fence-sitters into the field on which those who are not against us may be counted as *for* us.

Before the Russian War. —One day a cool historian, with all the documents in the case before him, will write his "definitive" history of the war of 1939-194—? And when he works his way down to May 1941 he will consult the dusty files of Hansard and the Press to examine the then state of public opinion in official circles and in the street as to the issue of the war and the chances of victory. In a small way I have been doing this, turning back the files to the first fortnight of June, and it is with amazement, tinged with admiration, that I note that our pundits and leader writers, one and all, were expressing their complete confidence in our ultimate victory ("sooner perhaps than we imagine") with American help. During that first fortnight of June we had no expectation whatever that Russia would be in on our side, and, indeed, had it at the back of our minds that she might be in on the other side! Two months have passed. In those two months Russia has ceded much territory to the Nazis; she has lost ground equal to the size of Germany, and much of the productive wealth and many noble cities in that vast territory are ruined and laid waste for a decade. She has lost, too, a million men and uncountable materials of war. *But*, she has given to Britain and the Cause two quite invaluable months of immunity, during which armaments have piled up and poured into Britain, ships have been built, the Atlantic battle has been efficiently countered, and thousands of tons of bombs have been dropped on vital German war industries and key points, and hundreds of thousands of tons of Nazi shipping destroyed. No battle of such dimensions was ever before fought, and over no battle before has the fog of war lain so dense and heavy. There have been lies, exaggerations and deliberate dust clouds broadcast on both sides. *But*, at least we can be certain that this Russian war has lost the Germans half a million picked soldiers, half the effectives of their Panzer divisions, half the strength of that air force which (we supposed) was preparing to be turned upon us, undiluted. Not to speak of half the available reserve of essential oil supplies. My point is this: will not the historian of the future, when he discovers the trend of public opinion before June 1941, marvel (as I do) at the almost incredible optimism of Britain at that time? Is there any parallel to that mad and reckless faith and optimism? For what have those two months, when Russia was bearing the whole strain of the Nazi military power-thrust, shown of Britain's readiness to take it all on her shoulders, and alone? They have shown that we were in no wise ready. That we were ready neither in Europe nor in Libya to make even a mild counter thrust by way of diversion in Russia's supreme need, and consequently were in no sense ready to take the Nazis' full thrust on our own shield. I do indeed look back on the optimism of British statesmen in May 1941 as the supreme instance of reckless courage, blind faith and utterly unreasoning optimism.



HOW MR. CLEMENT ATTLEE, THE DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER, MADE HIS HISTORIC BROADCAST ON AUGUST 15: In this broadcast, for which the two nations of Britain and the United States had been warned to stand by, Mr. Attlee gave the first announcement of the meeting of President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill: he then went on to read the now-famous joint declaration drawn up in the Atlantic. The broadcast was recorded, and later the B.B.C. sent it out over the ether continuously for twenty-four hours and in forty different languages

War-Damage Insurance. —It is never much fun writing cheques, unless during the brief Christmas mood. I seldom wrote a largish cheque with less enthusiasm than that which I paid to the Commissioners of Income Tax (War Damage Contribution). For these reasons: The amount was only the first of several annual instalments of the same size. It was due on July 1, and I received the demand note only on August 13. That gives exactly eighteen days during which I enjoy the cover which ceases to function on August 31! Add this: More than six months ago the grounds which form part of my property insured received several H.E. bombs which did a good deal of damage to paths and woodland. Yet, despite several reminders, from that day to this no surveyor has been sent by the Authority to estimate and record the damage done, for which presumably I shall one day be recouped. If I lived in an area in Hell's Corner, I could understand such delay. But I don't. The attack was a mere chance unloading, and the local surveyor appointed has little or nothing to do to earn his fees. In short, it is just muddle or incompetence. Hence my reluctance to sign this particular fat cheque.

Wars and Civil Flying.— The enormous impetus which the late Great War gave to civil flying is acknowledged by those in the business, and was well revealed in such books as Fokker's *Flying Dutchman*. Wars make demands on aeroplane construction and invention which peace never does or can. The bomber and all machines allied to the passenger-plane type require to be safeguarded and strengthened to meet natural and unnatural strains, stresses and emergencies which are not met with under peacetime flying conditions and restrictions, with the result that in a single year of war the aeroplane makes the progress in evolution which would occupy a decade of peace. At the end of the war in 1918 the aeroplane emerged as a "safe" form of transport for civilians, whereas in 1914 it was still but the sport and pastime of cranks, heroic pioneers and fools. Oddly enough, the impetus given to flying by 1918 petered out, and the anticipated advance by the public towards complete air-mindedness lagged and slowed down. Probably the disasters to airships played a part in this lagging, and despite the pioneer flights across the oceans, the public had not become generally air-minded, even by 1938. When Mr. Chamberlain flew to Munich that year, flying was still a "great adventure" for elderly men, and indeed many young civilian plane-owners had given up their planes and taken to cars again. That was because the expected progress in building municipal aerodromes all over Britain had not been made. It was still impossible to fly "from point to point." There was always a long gap to be filled between destinations by road or rail. Now, after two years of another war—a quarter century later—the links in the chain of aerodromes suitable for peacetime civilian flying in Britain have been largely made good, while long-distance flying to America, the Near and Far East, to Australia, is the accepted "normal" method for elderly statesmen, royal princes and all the most precious and irreplaceable key-men in every country. The enormous output of inventive talent and energy put into aeroplane design in 1940 has made flying anywhere in any weather the safest form of travel (bar war risks). What interests me is to speculate whether, when peace comes again, there will be another inexplicable lag in air-mindedness in the general public of the world. If such there was, it might be due to a general reaction against speed and modernity in all its forms. It could not again be due to any doubts about the safety and practical efficiency of the passenger plane under any type of flying weather conditions.

Stirrup-Pump Uses.—There must be no relaxation from fire precautions. We need no gipsy's warning to tell us that. Nevertheless, your stirrup-pump needs exercise and occasional proof that it is still in working order. It is a tricky thing. Unless it is well packed with string, impregnated with vaseline and bound to the topmost rise of the plunger shaft under the screw, most of the water squirts out through the bore-top. Apparently, no washer has been found effective. The rubber washer above the screw and below the black handle is merely a buffer and is not intended to go inside. Thus, you must practise your stirrup-pump occasionally. You will find that it is an "excellent substitute" as a spray in a drought for young, shrivelling vegetable plants or insect-ridden fruit-trees. It is also an excellent substitute for sea-bathing. Fill three buckets, salted with Brill to taste; set them in the sun to simmer for two hours. Take three small children *in puris naturalibus* and apply alternate doses of jet and spray till the buckets are empty. The exercise may not have all the curative effects of Margate 1938, but it is quite as exhilarating mentally, if not physically.

THE OLD STAGER

PRESIDENT AND PREMIER MEET

Pictures Taken During the Historic Meeting Between the Two Democratic Leaders

THE PRESIDENT COMES ABOARD H.M.S. "PRINCE OF WALES": Accompanied by his son, Captain Elliott Roosevelt, both salute the quarter-deck. The meetings between Mr. Churchill and the President were held on the *Prince of Wales* and on the American 9,050-ton cruiser, *Augusta*

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL GREETS THE PRESIDENT AS HE COMES ABOARD: The President was duly "piped" on board the British battleship by boatswain's mates and was received by a guard of honour. The Prime Minister, when receiving the President and throughout his stay on board, wore his famous Naval cap; Mr. Roosevelt wore his usual democratic lounge suit, soft collar and soft felt hat

ON BOARD THE AMERICAN CRUISER "AUGUSTA"—The Prime Minister hands to President Roosevelt a personal letter which he carried across the Atlantic from the King: The scene has here changed from the British battleship to the American cruiser to which the Prime Minister is paying a visit. On both the *Augusta* and the *Prince of Wales* discussions and conferences took place between the two Democratic leaders. It is understood that the President has given Mr. Churchill a reply to the letter he received for transmission to the King. On the right is Captain Elliott Roosevelt, the President's son

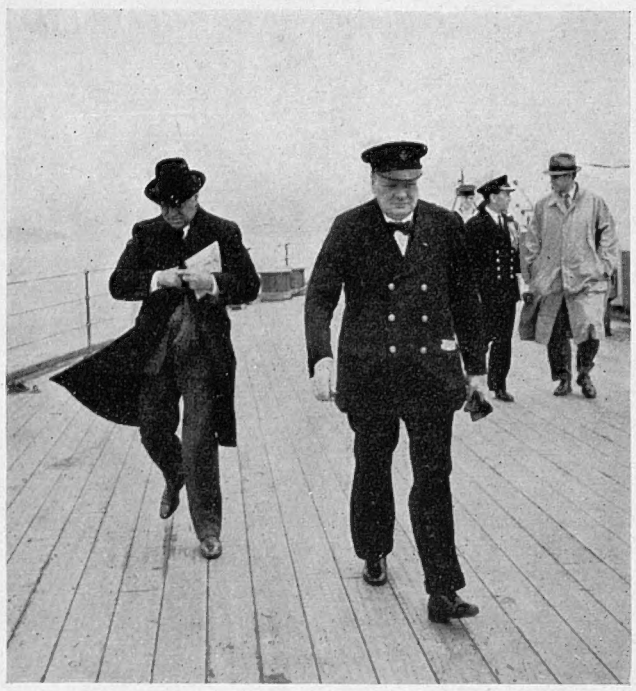
ON BOARD H.M.S. "PRINCE OF WALES," AUGUST 10, 1941—DIVINE SERVICE ON THE DECK OF THE BATTLESHIP

In this group, behind the President and the Prime Minister, are the following: (*from left to right, and starting from immediately behind Mr. Roosevelt*) Air Chief Marshal Sir W. Freeman, representing the Air Ministry; Admiral King, Commander of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet; Mr. Harry Hopkins, Administrator of the Lease-Lend Act; General George Marshall, U.S. Army Chief of Staff; Mr. Averill Harriman, "special expeditor" of the Lease-Lend Act; General Sir John Dill, Chief of the Imperial General Staff; Major-General Edwin Watson, Chief Aide to Mr. Roosevelt (immediately behind General Dill); and Admiral Stark, Chief of U.S. Naval operations. Second and third from the left at the rear are Captain Elliott Roosevelt and Ensign Franklin Roosevelt, the President's sons; Mr. Sumner Welles, U.S. Under Secretary of State, is between Air Chief Marshal Freeman and Admiral King; and Lord Cherwell is partly seen behind General Marshall

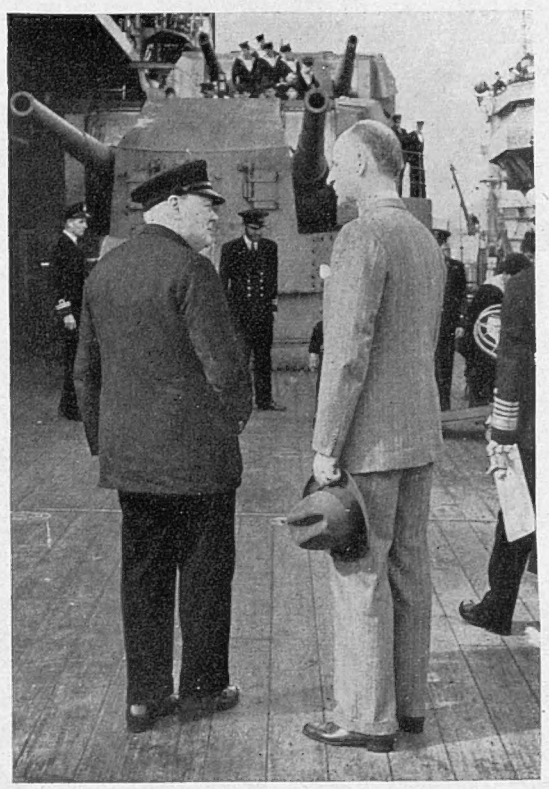
THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH SERVICE CHIEFS AFTER A MEETING ON BOARD H.M.S. "PRINCE OF WALES": Included in this group are the high British officers—Air Chief Marshal Sir W. Freeman, Vice-Chief of the Air Staff; Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, First Sea Lord; and General Sir John Dill, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. With them are the American officers—Admiral Stark, General Marshall, Admiral King, and others. This picture was taken after one of their conferences aboard the battleship

THE MEETING AT SEA

Pictures During the Historic Three-Day Conference



LORD BEAVERBROOK AND MR. CHURCHILL about to visit the President on the U.S. cruiser *Augusta*. Lord Beaverbrook later went on to Washington for conferences in connection with supply



MR. SUMNER WELLES, U.S. Under Secretary of State, on the *Prince of Wales* with the Prime Minister. He was one of the large contingent of prominent Americans at the conferences

UNITED STATES PRESIDENT AND BRITISH PRIME MINISTER SIDE BY SIDE : Conferences and discussions lasted for three days, and were conducted mainly on board the United States cruiser *Augusta*. Whilst Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt were conferring on the larger problems, the Naval, Army and Air Chiefs were also conducting Service discussions

THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE THREE SENIOR SERVICE OFFICERS who accompanied him, at a meeting in the Admiral's quarters aboard H.M.S. "Prince of Wales" during the journey over : Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, General Sir John Dill, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Wilfred Freeman are here seen with maps and charts laid out before them on the table at a conference obviously concerned with the High Strategy of the war

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THE HOODED MEN COME OUT INTO THE OPEN

The Aims of the Cagoulards, Who Intend to Police France with Men of Their Own Breed: The Full Story of this Amazing Organisation is Here Fully Described

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IN France the Ministry of the Interior has long been the post most coveted by men who want to run the country in their own way. In the days of the Third Republic, when there would be sometimes half-a-dozen different Governments inside of a year, as each succeeding crisis struggled towards a solution the words most often heard on professional, political lips would be: "*A qui l'Intérieur?*"

The reason of this interest in the Home Office was simple. Who held that portfolio was in charge of the police, the mobile guards, the Sûreté, with a good deal of the Law's functioning, but above all the Minister had his hand on many million personal dossiers relating to high and low throughout the land. He knew what was notched up against X and Y in their private lives. In politics, he could pursue and even suppress "movements against the State"—the Minister to be the principal judge. He could likewise sit on Stavisky *affaires*. One Minister would chase the Communists, and his successor would go out after the Fascists. Yes, the holder of the Interior could be more important than Prime or Foreign Minister. As an example, had Mandel been sent to the Interior in time in 1939 France might not have broken down as she did. Mandel would have used his penetrating powers to remove the pro-Germans from key positions. As events turned out, he didn't have the time and the next Minister of the Interior of consequence to come on the scene was—

Admiral Darlan. The sailor assumed the role at the end of 1940 when he strode the stage as political-admiral in veritable charge of Unoccupied France. No sooner does Darlan take over the Interior than he sets about greatly strengthening the police, who are the most hated people in France to-day after the Nazis—and maybe before them, being Frenchmen. He strengthens the mobile guards too—tough ex-N.C.O.s, largely with African service. He puts in his own prefects or local governors and seeks to evict from all key posts those who are not Fascist; he retains only those who are demonstrably in favour of the National Revolution. Many naval officers are in this manner introduced to government and some of these may indeed be of the landfaring variety! Further, Darlan orders the Sûreté to be recast on Gestapo lines. And he derives added authority from the fact of the ports being held by his naval henchmen. (I wrote this in THE SPHERE months ago.)

Nevertheless, all this mobilisation of maybe a hundred thousand men to hold down Unoccupied France and curb and suppress the first murmur and rumbling against the bogus National Revolution, all this show of harsh and usurping power is not deemed good enough by Darlan's Paris masters. These say: "It may be that you are sincere in your professions and that you will not hesitate to employ every means to choke popular unrest, yet what do we observe in both Occupied and Unoccupied zones? They've got to realise their position. After more than a year of fiddling it is now time, Admiral, to put on the thumbscrews. And as you have not in yourself alone been able to satisfy our requirements, we send you as new Minister of the Interior—Monsieur Pucheux."

Few noticed the significance of the change-over until, some days later, Marx Dormoy, a former Minister of the Interior, was blown to death by a bomb in his forced hotel residence at Montélimar. The mark of the Cagoulards, or Hooded Men, was found, and the crime was immediately associated with the arrival of Cagoulard Pucheux as Minister in Vichy. As for the murder, three men were reported arrested but nothing more has been, or is likely to be heard. For the essence of Hooded crime is hushing up. Dormoy had been the Minister to pursue and expose the Hooded criminals of 1937 and, as the possessor of Cagoulard secrets, was much too dangerous a man to have around now, when the Cagoulards recently laid plans to mount to a power even they never dreamt of. Poor Dormoy! Perhaps it's safer to be in prison these times, like Daladier and Reynaud. Or is it?

"GENERAL" EUGÈNE DELONCLE, former leader of the Hooded Men, and now reported to be recruiting a corps "to fight in Russia." Not only was he the leader of the Cagoulards, but he also helped to organise them. In 1937 he was sent to prison after hidden stores of arms and ammunition had been found. He was released at the beginning of the war, and after the fall of France received special permission from Darlan to carry on Fascist activities

A BOOST FOR MARSHAL PÉTAIN: During a recent visit to Limoges by the aged Marshal, these posters were issued officially for display in the town. They declare that "Marshal Pétain is a better judge of the Honour and Interests of France than Messieurs Churchill and Roosevelt." Never has the term "Honour" been quoted so often for so little!

We note increasing sabotage—whether done under the sign of V or out of Russian sympathies doesn't matter to us. We note a growing inertia which even extends to administrative quarters. And then the people show no intention or wish to be friendly with, or to assist the Germans. They decline even to accept the Germans as conquerors. They believe in a victory of the Allies and betray as much hostility as they dare to our National Revolution.

"It won't do any longer. The people have got to be put down once and for all *and kept down*. enough brute force to hold the mass of the people in fear of their lives.

All the usual Fascist crew of publicists—the Roques, Henriots and Maurras of Vichy and the Déats, Luchaires and Doriots of Paris—are striking the same ominous note. "All who are against the National Revolution to be treated as anti-France if not Communists." It is the big push of French Fascism that we are about to witness under the sign of the Hooded Men. Now or never to prevail with the permission of Hitler and the weapon of terror. If France should ever right herself what a terrible retribution will be exacted . . . the tumbrils mere child's-play by comparison . . . but that is not for us to speculate upon.

French Fascism had many prominent names under its banner, even if they called themselves by all sorts of appellations such as Francists and Solidarity, Social Party and Popular Party, Green Front, C.S.A.R., Patriotic Youth, Cross Under Fire. Of the leaders, I only know of one who has been bumped off—Jean Fontenoy. Mermoz, the airman-idol of one lot, was drowned. Doriot works for Abetz in Paris. Jean Goy is there too with his new-fangled Hitler trap, the "*Rassemblement Nationale Populaire.*" Roque writes columns daily from Vichy. Pozzo di Borgo and Dorgères are unaccounted for. The men who matter now are Deloncle, Pucheux and, if still alive, General Dusseigneur. These last three are out-and-out Cagoulards and two of them, as we know, have been forced by Abetz in Paris on Darlan in Vichy. In other words, the "Cags" have formidably entered the governing of France, in both zones.

The Cagoulards began work in a small way in 1936 when they thought Roque's "Cross Under Fire" too respectable and conforming. The best imaginable designation of a Cagoulard is that of soldier of fortune—but against his own people. The worst is that of low-down, stabbing assassin. These men never wore hoods—that was a relic of a past society—but travelled in powerful cars on their missions of murder and terrorisation, blackmail and extortion, and the supplying and hoarding of arms. They got their money from industrialists into whom they injected both fear and an appreciation of the Nazi system. Even as the big Ruhr barons had a year or two earlier undertaken to back Hitler, so French industrialists were found to finance the Hooded Men.

Even in 1937 the Cagoulards had their friends in the police, which accounted for these criminals running free until Dormoy went after them. Notably, they stabbed to death (for Italian money) two Italian refugees who ran a paper in Paris, the Rosselli brothers. If one or two were eventually brought to trial for those murders, they received scant punishment and were soon out again. At that time there were probably not four hundred Hooded Men all told. So picture what 20,000 or 30,000 may do across a stricken country! And Deloncle aims at far more "to fight Russia."

In 1938 I sat in the Chatham, Paris, listening to a leading but camouflaged Cagoulard—his name would in particular amaze England at this moment—hold forth on the noble aims of the "movement," of the nobility of General Dusseigneur, then in the Santé Prison, and on the hopelessness of expecting anything ever of the *classe ouvrière*. It was a curious experience which comes back vividly now. *Then* I sat with faintly amused look as X went ahead. What a hope he and his kind had! *Now* I pity so many French people on account of what may be in store for them. We have no notion in this country how far concentration camps have advanced in France even without the Cagoulards. With them, the internment of alleged Communists (as much Communist as you or I but daring to show dislike for the National Revolution thrust upon them by craven bullies) is certain to soar—in fact, is already doing so.

A hard core of mercenary ruffians has been added to the police, already hard enough themselves. These Cagoulards will be able to commit what crime they like, knowing they will not be punished by a Minister of the Interior who belongs to their own kind. They will have *carte blanche* to "remove" this person and the other, and even to assassinate—until others begin assassinating in return. When that starts, the leaders of the National Revolution, beginning to fear for their own skins, may seek to restrain the Cagoulards.

Meanwhile, Terror looks to be getting into motion in the unfortunate land of France. Read Pétain's all-in-with Fascism pronouncement and what emerges? Those many small freedom-leaders round France are to be "decimated." Regional hunts are to be made for them so that all chance of opposition to Darlan's Hooded "Revolution," now or in the future, shall be eradicated. All personal liberty of thought or action is suppressed, save for the Fascist 10 per cent. Vichy justice and the police are in the hands of a French-Nazi (Barthèlemy) and a Cagoulard (Pucheux) respectively. And with the police doubled. And with a new force on top, of the most evil, and sinister kind: the Hooded Men making pretence of being a legion mostly of ex-Servicemen.

THE SMALL CRAFT OF THE NAVY

Drawings by Montague Dawson

These Vessels are Doing a Great Amount of Work All Round the Shores of Britain. Two Phases of this are Shown in the Drawings Given on this Page

PREPARING FOR THE ENEMY'S E-BOATS: A British battery, aided by searchlights, puts in some good practice at a target drawn by a fast motor-boat

From time to time mention is made in the Press of the work done by the small and fast motor vessels of the Royal Navy. But what is not appreciated by the general public is the amount and the variety of this work. Mr. Dawson here indicates two phases of which he was recently an eye-witness. The *upper* drawing shows the collaboration effected between coastal-defence batteries and the new and fast motor-boats of the Navy. To give the gunners practice in repelling invasion attempts, battery, searchlights and motor-boat work in unison—the target towed by the last-named is picked up by searchlight crews on the shores, and then the coastal batteries open fire. Very accurate shooting is achieved, and the towed targets are frequently hit—and from a good range. In the *lower* drawing Mr. Dawson has indicated how the tiniest of the Navy's war-vessels can lend aid to the biggest: in this case it is an aircraft-carrier which is in danger of attack by enemy submarine. The fast and deadly motor-boat comes speeding up, launching its depth-charges. Should there be a submarine in the locality it would stand a poor chance

THE EXCELLENT WORK OF THE LITTLE FELLOWS: One of the new types of motor craft used in the Royal Navy throwing out depth-charges at a submerged submarine which had been approaching a huge British aircraft-carrier in home waters

THE HUNT FOR ENEMY SHIPPING IN THE CHANNEL AND THE NORTH SEA

THE R.A.F. OUT ON A DAYLIGHT HUNT FOR ENEMY SHIPPING IN THE CHANNEL—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

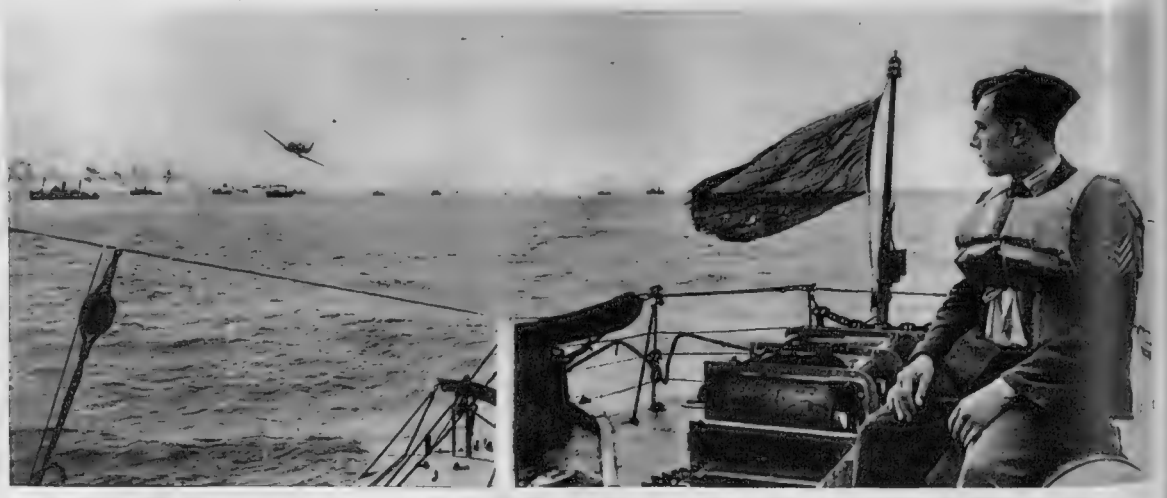
Now that the R.A.F. have established a superiority over the enemy in the Channel area, they are going out daily in quest of targets—and in daylight, too! Whenever the weather is propitious, Blenheim bombers range along the length of the French coast and the Low Countries. The success they have already achieved in action against the enemy's coastal vessels and tankers is prodigious. In this picture Mr. Whitaker shows a scene on patrol over the shimmering August seas in the Channel. The bomber is passing above a few fishing-boats which are responding to the aircraft's signals with the V sign

THE MAN WHO ORGANISES DAYLIGHT SWEEPS: Air Vice-Marshal R. E. Saul, C.B., D.F.C., commands one of the Fighter Groups of the R.A.F. which are now carrying out daylight sweeps over the Channel. He has recently been having a busy time inspecting Squadrons before they take off for their daring raids

THE DEFENCE OF THE MERCHANTMEN: When sailing in dangerous waters around Britain, the merchant vessels plying between our ports now fly their own balloon barrage when danger threatens. These balloons differ somewhat in appearance from those of the London barrage; and they are much easier to handle. As twilight approaches the balloons are pulled down to the deck: but on the morrow, at dawn, they will be flying once again

BLENHEIMS OF THE BOMBER COMMAND ATTACK AN ENEMY TANKER OFF THE FRENCH COAST—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

This vessel was first sighted by six Hurricane pilots, who went in to the attack: six other Hurricanes, at the same time, poured thousands of machine-gun bullets into a *flak* ship escorting the tanker. Then (as shown in the above drawing) Bomber Command Blenheims came on the scene—half-way between Le Touquet and Berck-sur-mer. The tanker was then strongly escorted by enemy fighters: nevertheless, it was attacked from mast height and was hit amidships and in the stern. One air-gunner described the aft burst as "an immense explosion." A column of smoke was still visible when our aircraft were well away. Effective gunfire from the bombers drove off three enemy aircraft



AN R.A.F. PATROL PILOT HAS A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY IN THE CHANNEL

Sergeant-Pilot Merriman is here sitting on depth-charges on a vessel escorting a convoy of merchantmen. He is watching a protective fighter circling the ships just outside the balloon barrage. This is a job on which Sergeant-Pilot Merriman has himself been engaged for some time past, and during the course of his own patrols he has shot down four enemy aircraft

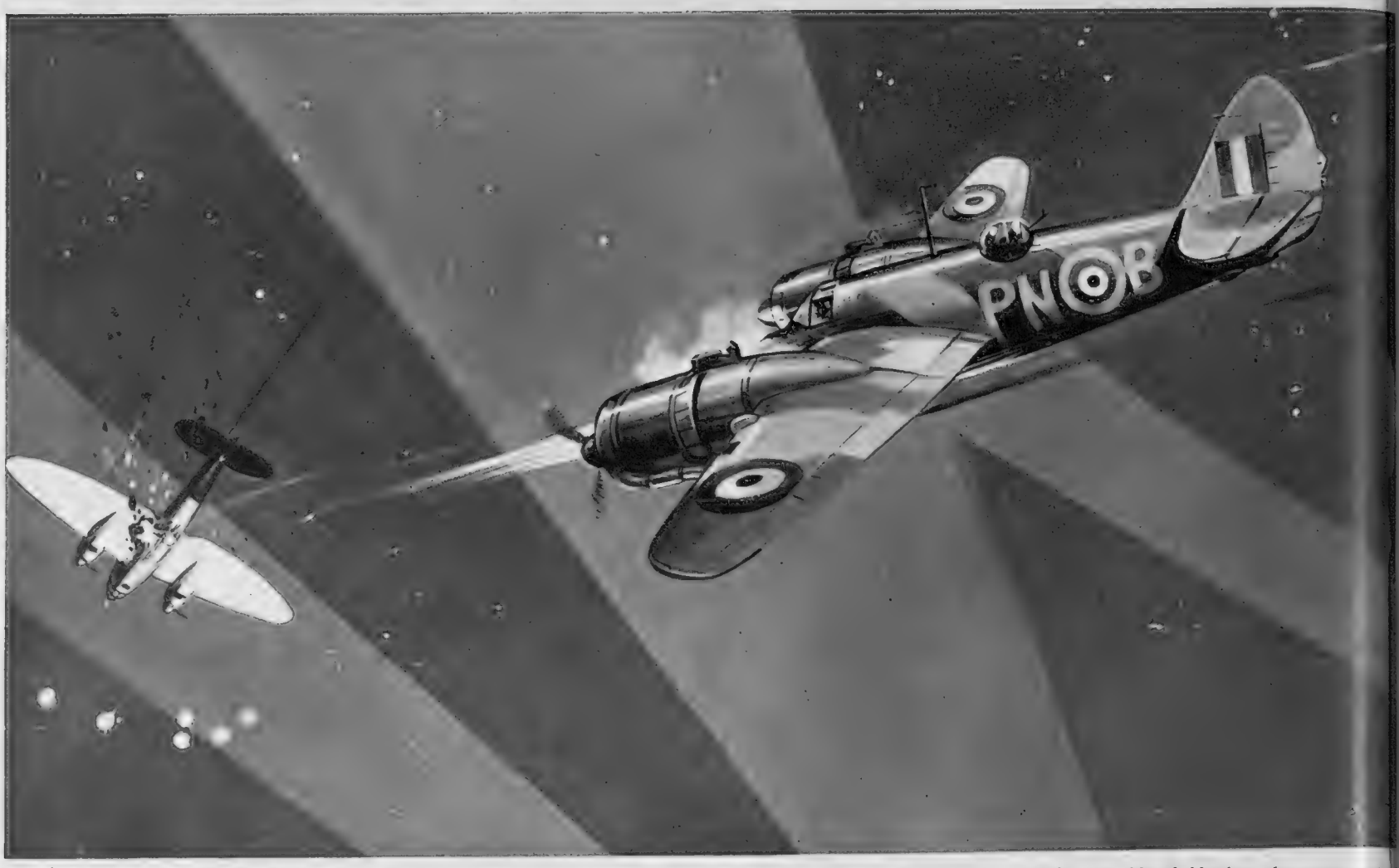
THE NAZIS TRY TO GUARD THE STRAITS OF DOVER BY NIGHT AGAINST INVASION AND AGAINST INCOMING BRITISH CONVOYS—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

It would appear that the Germans on the other side of the Channel are becoming increasingly nervous about invasion. They have mounted powerful searchlights on the French cliffs near Boulogne with which they sweep the sea at intervals from midnight to dawn. Other searchlights play on the clouds in the usual manner, to detect hostile aircraft; but the new installations are concerned only with the seaward approaches. By this means, too, the enemy has been detecting the presence of British merchantmen passing up and down the Channel in convoy. But the convoys still get through, as they have been doing for many months past. It has been observed, too, that a fair number of enemy vessels move up and down the Channel by night

THE AIRCRAFT THAT HIT THE SEA: An incident during a recent attack on a German supply ship in the Channel—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The target the Flying Officer in command of the Bomber Squadron was given was a German vessel hugging the French coast. He was told he would find her just off Le Touquet—with an escort of armed ships. She was a vessel of about 4,000 tons, with two escort ships close up to her and a German destroyer not far away. Several aircraft from the Squadron crossed the Channel in formation, with fighters above as protection. The leader of the formation went straight in to the attack, and the rest followed. "All the rest of this story took place in the next four seconds, though it will take much longer than that to tell you," said the Flying Officer. "The attack was carried out only a few feet above the sea, and as close as we could get to the ship herself. In fact, we went right over her, and not much more than mast height. Mine was the second aircraft, and as soon as my bombs were released I made a steep turn to port. That carried me astern of her. Several things were happening. . . . I took a bit of avoiding-action—and the next thing that happened was a very large bump. *We had hit the sea.* What had actually happened was this: just as we had nearly straightened out from our turn the port propeller and the bottom of the port engine had smacked the sea. The propeller had been instantly torn out of the engine and . . . the starboard propeller had also just touched a wave, and it had bent a bit, but we could still fly with it. A sheet of water had been thrown up over the aircraft. . . . We were all a bit surprised when we discovered that we were still flying. We then came all the way back across the Channel on one engine, with its propeller slightly bent. . . . We flew past Beachy Head at just above the height of the cliff-top." Finally, the pilot made a belly landing and came down safely!

The NEW CANNON-GUN AIRCRAFT; and "STRATEGICAL BOMBING"



HEAVY ARMAMENT IN THE AIR: The deadly Beaufighter goes into action with its four cannon guns which are, literally, capable of blowing the enemy out of the sky. In addition to the four cannon, the Beaufighter also has six machine-guns—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE NEW SPITFIRE destroys an antagonist with its two cannon guns mounted in the wings—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

At the opening of the war the R.A.F. fighter aircraft were mostly armed with machine-guns—eight of them, all combined to give the deadliest concentration of fire power known up till then. With Spitfires and Hurricanes armed in this fashion the R.A.F. won the Battle of Britain last autumn. But, all the time, the cannon gun was being developed: to-day, the newest type of fighter aircraft, the Spitfire Mark V., and the most brilliant twin-engined fighter yet developed, the Beaufighter—to say nothing of other types—are armed with cannon guns so powerful that they can literally blow their opponents to pieces in mid-air. On the new Spitfire the two cannon are carried in each wing, and in addition there are machine-guns whose concentrated fire is almost as deadly. The Beaufighter has no fewer than ten guns, of which four are cannon, mounted in two pairs on each side of the fuselage: these fire shells of 20 mm. At the present moment the limitations in the development of larger cannon guns are caused by the weight problems involved and by the troubles caused by recoil. It is obvious, so far as the weight factor goes, that only a smaller amount of ammunition can be carried if the weight of the shells is heavier. With regard to the problem of recoil, already this is becoming a serious factor for aircraft designers—in existing fighters using cannon guns, when these are fired the aircraft is momentarily slowed down and the nose drops, which are both undesirable occurrences in the heat of battle!

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ring of Spanish airfields (e.g. at Los Barrios) within a few minutes' bombing distance of Gibraltar Town and Harbour. It is conceivable that Gibraltar might be rendered untenable by ships, its town and dockyards destroyed by land and air bombardment, and its defenders driven to shelter in the spacious subterranean caverns and passages while maintaining stubborn resistance—if overwhelming air force can be directed against it. But the Rock of Gibraltar cannot be taken by assault or by any other means: it will stand inviolate, if only as an irritant—but not necessarily a bar to enemy progress.

Hitler, doubtless, would prefer to "by-pass" Gibraltar, leaving it as another Tobruk, a thorn in his side. He might effect the passage of his forces to Africa by (*a*) transports under cover of fog or darkness from Cadiz to Tangier (60 miles); (*b*) from the Spanish naval base of Cartagena to Ceuta (440 miles); (*c*) from Malaga to Ceuta; (*d*) by air-borne transport, as in the attack on Crete. The last would be safest and quickest. At Tangier, invaders could make use of the excellent road and the railway, too, to Casablanca and other points in French Morocco. At Ceuta, surface facilities for transport to these points are not nearly as good.

German penetration of Casablanca and Dakar has been proceeding systematically for years: recently, the arrival of "technicians" and other Nazis has been much more frequent—it is clear that Germany is already "well entrenched" in both these vital bases, her emissaries awaiting the day when they can exercise openly and completely the roles allotted to them in the German scheme. *Casablanca* handles 80 per cent. of Morocco's sea-borne trade from its fine artificial harbour (begun in 1913). At the Algeçiras Conference (1906) Sir Edward Grey called it "a useless hole." To-day it is a modern French city-port (with the usual Arab quarters, old and new) of over 260,000 inhabitants. Motorised divisions could speedily advance along the coast, seizing the several French aerodromes from Casablanca to St. Louis, to Dakar, seat of the Governor-General of French West Africa (*see* description and pictures in THE SPHERE of June 21, 1941).

Dakar achieved, the Germans would be astride the British "life-line" to the Cape; submarines and aircraft could prey also on the meat, grain and other cargoes from the Plate river, the coffee and cotton from Brazil, and the oil from Venezuela. (There appears strong evidence that French and German submarines are already operating from both Casablanca and Dakar—the former manned by German crews.)

Dakar is some 1,620 miles from Natal in Brazil—by no means an impossible crossing for bombers and large troop-carriers. Once at Dakar, Hitler would be within reach of the riches of the South American continent: hundreds of thousands of German-speaking and Italian-speaking people are already there. Further, the Germans' Lufthansa have for years flown regular services to Brazil, where a German-controlled company (Syndicata Condor Limitada) have operated to Argentine and Peru and other republics.

From Dakar, Germany could plan further advances—perhaps to British and French African colonies—perhaps to an attack on Free French Forces in West and Central Africa.

But this is yet to come! It may never happen. The best insurance against it is the occupation of Dakar by American and British forces forthwith. Failing this, a wise Portugal, friend of Britain for six centuries, may see her way clear to *lease* the U.S.A. bases in the Azores, in the Cape Verde Islands, and in Portuguese Guinea, on the same terms as those leased recently to the U.S.A. by Britain. Britain has already an important base at Freetown, Sierra Leone.

THE MOROCCAN COAST AND THE TRADE ROUTES OF THE EMPIRE: Taking the great port of Casablanca as a centre, raiding aircraft could control the trade routes over a wide radius from the mainland, as indicated here

THE WEST AFRICAN SCENE, AS IT IS VIEWED TO-DAY BY THE GERMANS: From Norway down to the Spanish frontier the sea coast is in enemy hands. What more natural than that he should wish to continue this control right down into Africa—if only for the greater control of the Atlantic, let alone the implied threat to the American Continent, both north and south. Spain, who has declared herself in sympathy with German aspirations, already holds a strip on the northern coast of Africa opposite the rocky bastion of Gibraltar, and another vast stretch of territory in the Rio de Oro. The rest of the areas indicated in the above map are held by that compliant friend of the Nazis—Vichy France. Out to sea are the vulnerable Canary, Madeira, and other groups of islands all lying well within the trade routes of British merchantmen. In view of recent events in both France and Spain it now remains to be seen what steps Germany will take to secure real (as well as moral) possession of Dakar, Casablanca and the other bases on which they have been casting envious eyes

On right—
THE PORTUGUESE PRESIDENT VISITS THE AZORES: Lying farther out in the Atlantic, to the north-west of the Madeira and Canary groups, lie the Azores. They are owned by Portugal, and recent events have compelled that country to institute stronger defensive measures on the islands. President Carmona has just paid a visit to the nine islands comprising the archipelago

INVASION BY SEPTEMBER 1?

Just as the Grouse Season has been advanced this year to August 1, so the Invasion Season is due to open on September 1. By that date, said Mr. Winston Churchill in his recent all-embracing war review, all the armed forces of this country have been warned to be at concert pitch. "We have to reckon with a gambler's desperation," said Mr. Churchill: and it is because of this desperation that the final attempt may be made. On these two pages we publish some further contributions to the great Invasion Problem

HOW THE INVASION ATTEMPT MIGHT BE LAUNCHED FROM NORWAY: It is now generally thought that the north coast of France, and the Dutch and Belgian freeboards, are under too constant a surveillance by the R.A.F. for an invasion attempt to be launched from those shores. Last year, and during the earlier part of the present year, as barges and boats have been gathered in the ports and harbours, the R.A.F. have systematically destroyed the concentrations. Ever since then our reconnaissance aircraft have kept constant watch on what have been dubbed the "invasion ports." To attempt further concentrations of troops and transport at these points would only lead to further aerial attacks by the R.A.F. For this reason it is considered likelier that any attempt at invasion would be launched from Norway: and the two areas then affected would be the east coast of Scotland and Iceland. To attempt to land at either of these points would mean a long journey by sea and, consequently, a period of fair weather would almost seem a prerequisite for the Germans. Scotland is very strongly defended, moreover; and in Iceland there are now troops from the United States, as well as our own forces, ready to repel attack

DENMARK IS ANOTHER REGION FROM WHICH AN INVASION MIGHT BE DEVELOPED: Holland and Belgium jut forward into the North Sea, but Denmark is "recessed," and may thus be thought to be beyond the observation of the R.A.F. It may be therefore that, behind the protective barriers of the minefields strewn along the coast, the enemy may be concentrating an invasion fleet. If an attempt were launched from this region the area of Britain affected would be approximately from the Wash to the Moray Firth. The same conditions would, however, be required for this attempt as for one launched from Norway—fine weather and immunity from observation and attack during the long and slow crossing!

THE HOME GUARD IN TRAINING IN A SPECIAL CAMP: The keenness of the Home Guard is a matter for wonderment to all beholders! Every week numbers of them go for training to a special camp where they live under canvas for a few days. Discipline and routine are maintained by four sergeants from the Regular Army and much very useful work is compressed into a short space of time

THE ART OF CONCEALMENT EMPLOYED FOR DEFENSIVE PURPOSES BY A SNIPER: A picture taken during an Army course in which "cover and concealment" were the subjects under instruction

ONCE LANDED ON THE BEACHES OF BRITAIN, THE ENEMY'S TANKS WOULD STILL HAVE TO OVERCOME GREAT HAZARDS!—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

All is not gold that glitters—and all is not golden sand that looks golden! There are many stretches of foreshore around Britain which look most unprotected and inviting and flat and solid—but not all of them are. One of Nature's barriers to an invasion is the quicksand: this is composed of a loose mixture which does not coalesce under pressure. In one place the beach may be firm and hard; in another just a morass into which a tank would sink slowly and inextricably. Any attempt to land at such a spot would lead to inevitable disaster. And such is the fate which would undoubtedly overtake many, many scores of tanks if they landed on most of the beaches around Britain

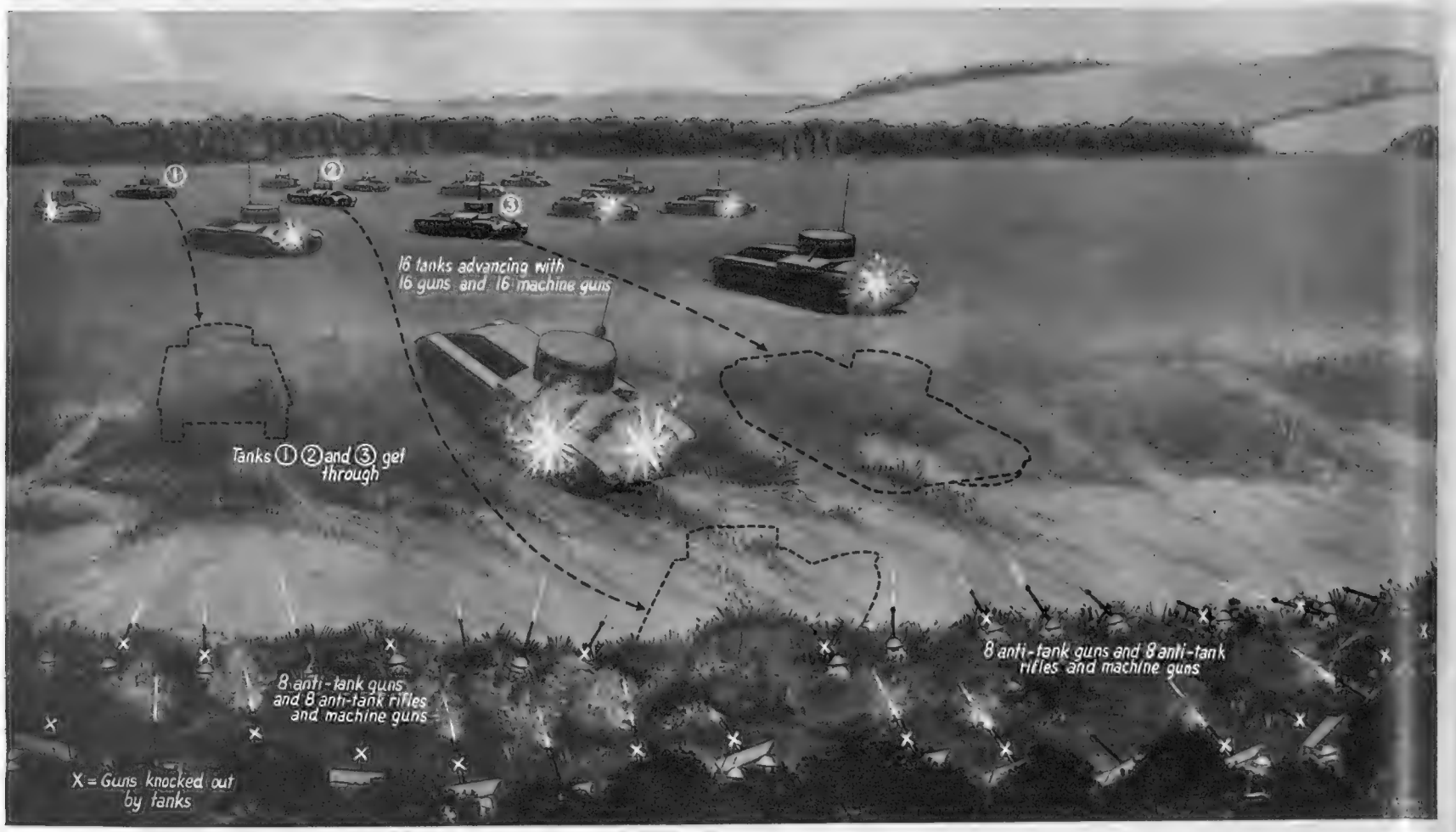
THE HOME GUARD CARRY OUT MILITARY EXERCISES UNDER REALISTIC WAR CONDITIONS—*Drawing by V. L. Danvers*

Shortly before this exercise opened, the Commanders involved had been supplied with a series of messages in sealed envelopes, each to remain unopened until the hour inscribed on its cover. Each message confronted the Commander with a situation of which he could have no foreknowledge, and which was devised to create surprise and to upset the calculations he would have made. As one platoon was leaving its headquarters for battle stations in the darkness, the sealed message intervened to disclose that the ground through which the shortest route passes had been contaminated by gas, and further that the area around the prepared battle positions was being flooded, consequent on the breaching of the canal banks by bombing. Simultaneously, sealed messages being opened in the other parts of the area of operations disclosed that parachutists were being dropped at certain points. Soon after zero hour the area was alive with Home Guards on foot, on cycles, and in the cars of the Company's mobile column, most of them acting on orders revised in the light of the now unsealed instructions. But the surprises were not all in envelopes. At a bridge on an important route all Home Guard traffic was stopped. That bridge had been demolished. Drivers of the mobile column decided at a glance that the stream could not be forded. The column turned about and sped away on the alternative route, only to meet with other delays from aerial machine-gunning. A cyclist dispatch-rider, with more initiative than one or two who had preceded him, turned his machine down the bank and rode straight through the water, although in the gathering darkness it was impossible to be sure of the depth of the water at this point. Followed a patrol of nine cyclists. They too chose the short route, though some of them were less fortunate in the crossing

HOW THE HOME GUARD COMMANDERS HAVE TO IMPROVISE THEIR DEFENCES when they find that their carefully elaborated plans have been wrecked by the enemy—two actual operations carried out during recent exercises—*Drawing by V. L. Danvers*

NEW IDEAS IN BRITISH ARMY TRAINING: Infantrymen in full kit swimming across a river. Resting their rifles on bundles of kit in front of them, they are able to maintain fire at the enemy whilst actually fording the stream

THE "FIFTH COLUMNIST" WITH THE PERAMBULATOR: During exercises carried out by the Army and the Home Guard, great ingenuity has been shown by many of the combatants. This amusing picture, for instance, was taken during recent operations in the Scottish Command. Here a body of Home Guards were successful in beating off an attack on a road block by an enemy force, despite the inclusion of Fifth Columnists such as the above, armed with perambulator and a useful-looking revolver!



TANKS VERSUS FIELD ARTILLERY—How an action between a moving and a static force might develop under actual warfare conditions—*Drawings by L. Ashwell Wood*

This drawing has as its starting-point the position shown in the photograph reproduced below. There are sixteen tanks and they are opposed by sixteen guns facing them at the edge of a wood similar to that seen in the far distance. The guns are large enough to knock out a tank with one shell. The sixteen tanks advance, the guns open fire—being steady and seasoned warriors, the gunners fire low and destroy thirteen. But the remaining three come on. What happens next—or what might happen—is indicated in the accompanying article

TANK WARFARE

How the Monster Machines of To-day Wage War

By J. EDMUNDSON

MACHINES have always been regarded as inhuman, and in the stupendous tank battles now raging on the Russian front one is apt to think in terms of armour-plating, cog-wheels and machine-guns, forgetting that basically any tank battle, provided that mechanically both sides are of almost equal strength, is a struggle, mentally and physically, between human beings.

Generally speaking, the best defence against a tank is another tank, and when the time comes for our new "Valentines" and "Churchills" to match themselves against their enemy counterparts, they will have advantages of mobility, fire-power and armour.

However, in these days of fast-moving warfare where the strategical situation changes not only from day to day, but from hour to hour, occasions often arise where man is matched against machine.

What, then, are the weaknesses of the German tank? Firstly, the crew. Working at high pressure, subject to physical strain from the movement of the tank, particularly if it is compelled to move across open country; lack of ventilation when in action and the mental strain of having to be alert for ambush and attack from the air every single moment of daylight.

Even at night, when the tanks try to find suitably concealed harbours so that the crews may obtain some much-needed sleep, provision must be made for defence against guerillas or specially trained tank-hunting squads.

Secondly, the tank. This has several vulnerable spots. In light tanks, constructed for mobility and possibly capable of being transported by air, the armour is vulnerable to the anti-tank rifle and in some cases even to small arms fire.

In the medium and large tanks the defensive armour is much heavier and generally is only vulnerable at the following spots:

The belly of the tank.—Here the armour is thinnest, and, if the tank can be caught just as it is coming over the top of a mound or wall, it could be put out of action by the anti-tank rifle or light gun.

The tracks.—Without these the tank is immobile, and is useless as an offensive unit. These can be broken by anti-tank rifle fire, by specially constructed grenades, or, in extreme cases, by the insertion of a crowbar or other heavy piece of metal between the tracks and the driving sprocket.

The driver's, gunner's, and commander's slits.—These are vulnerable to small arms fire, and tanks should be compelled to move with these slits reduced to a minimum. In moments of extreme crisis the slits can be completely closed by the crew, and their vision is then limited to that obtained through periscopes. These in turn can be rendered useless by small arms fire. Once the tank is closed down it has *no* vision immediately above, or on the ground within a radius of about 20 ft.

Thus the safest place for an attacker is as near the tank as possible, for not only is he invisible but he is safe from its armament, as the guns cannot be depressed sufficiently to enable them to fire on anything within a radius about the same as that of the limit of vision.

Getting to close quarters with a tank is, of course, no easy matter, unless it is being attacked from previously prepared positions, when such things as anti-tank pits, steel rails, concrete "steps," and slit trenches would be available.

In open country the tank must be compelled to slow down or stop by whatever means, natural or artificial, are at hand. Then, by skilful use of field-craft, using "dead ground" and by moving only when the guns of the tank are pointing away from the attacker, it should be possible to get within 20 ft. of the vehicle for close action or sufficiently near to use incendiary or high-explosive grenades.

With a single tank this would not be an extremely difficult task, but as tanks rarely, if ever, move alone, and wherever possible are supported by infantry, great care must be taken lest the attacker becomes the attacked.

Mention has been made of the use of incendiary grenades. These are best applied near the ventilation louvres so that flames and smoke instead of fresh air are sucked into the tank, forcing out the crew; or in front

THE STARTING-POINT OF THE ACTION ILLUSTRATED IN THE DRAWING ABOVE AND DISCUSSED IN THE ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE

The tanks seen here are the "Valentines," direct successors of the "Waltzing Matildas" made famous by the Australians and predecessors of the "Crusaders" and "Covenanters." The "Valentine" weighs 16 tons, carries a crew of three, is highly manœuvrable, and has a speed on the road of 15 m.p.h. It is armed with a quick-firing gun and a two-pounder capable of piercing any tank as yet met with

THE HIGH TYPE OF TANK (now considered to be outmoded) COMPARED WITH THE NEW FLAT-BOTTOMED AND SQUAT TYPE: It may be that, in parts of England, with its deep sunken lanes and roadways, the high narrow tank possesses certain virtues; but it is regarded by experts as somewhat obsolete. Incidentally, the drawing indicates another method of tank warfare discussed by Mr. Edmundson in the accompanying article

of the tank, blinding the driver and so compelling it to stop or crash. Ideally, the simplest way of stopping a tank would be to turn it over, for then it would be as helpless as a turtle on its back, but without recourse to powerful anti-tank mines this is virtually impossible.

Knowing some of the weaknesses of the enemy tank, let us visualise an action between man and machine. Imagine a patch of open ground between two thickly-wooded areas. From the distant woods appear sixteen tanks in fairly close formation. Unknown to them, hidden along the edge of the opposite woods is an anti-tank unit which has at its disposal a number of mobile anti-tank guns, machine-guns and anti-tank rifles. At fairly short range the guns open fire on the tanks, which almost immediately open out fan-wise and reply.

A brief but violent action ensues, and owing to the defenders having held their fire until the attackers were at short range, thirteen of the sixteen tanks were soon immobilised, for the loss of about half the defending force, including a large proportion of the anti-tank guns. The remaining tanks, however, still come on and danger is very imminent. Several courses are open to the defenders:

1.—The commander could withdraw the whole of his remaining force into the depths of the wood and from the cover of large trees endeavour to disable the tanks by anti-tank rifle fire if they should still advance into the woods.

2.—He could, and probably would, withdraw slightly and endeavour to hit the bellies or the tracks of the tanks as they surmounted the slight rise in the immediate foreground.

3.—If, however, he had at his disposal some trained tank hunters with incendiary or high-explosive grenades and anti-tank rifles he would probably have placed them in the "dead ground" caused by the foreground rise. From close concealment in the edge of the wood directions could be given to the waiting men, or the men themselves, wearing suitable camouflage, would observe the movements of the approaching enemy. Waiting until the tanks were almost on top of them, they would throw into the tracks their percussion grenades, keeping themselves well under cover, or alternatively throw flame- or smoke-producing bombs and then attack at close range through the smoke.

The precise moment of attack would have to be most carefully timed, as the slightest miscalculation would lead to failure, and quite probably the defenders would be outflanked by one or more of the three remaining tanks. Furthermore, careful look-out would have to be kept for infantry who would

(Continued on following page)

THE NEW BRITISH CRUISER TANK, THE "CRUSADER," which has surprised the Germans: details of its construction and equipment revealed—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

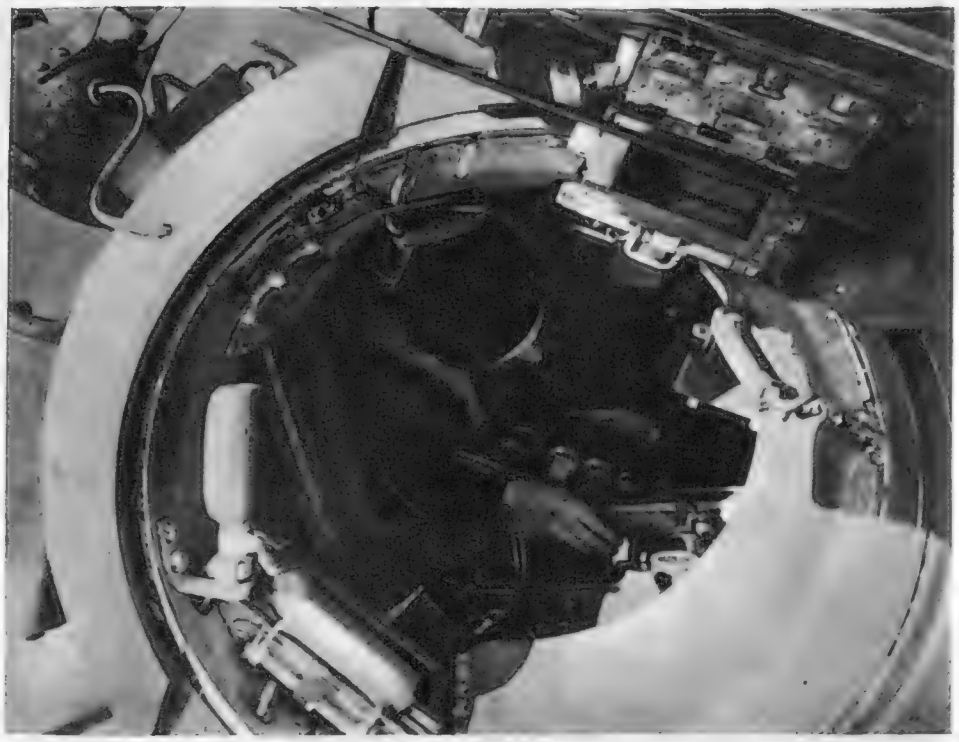
Many officers consider these to be the finest all-round fighting vehicles in the British armoured forces: they weigh eighteen tons and have a speed of 30 m.p.h. The armament consists of a two-pounder gun and several machine-guns and mortars. The following is a key to the details shown in the above drawing: 1—track; 2—track guide wheels; 3—idler sprocket; 4—headlamps; 5—driving mirror; 6—lower machine-guns; 7—two-pounder gun; 8—Besa machine-gun; 9—driver's hood; 10—turret traversing gear; 11—gunner; 12—two-pounder shell rack; 13—spent shell-case bag; 14—Commander; 15—radio; 16—two-pounder gun breech; 17—gun loader; 18—Commander's periscope; 19—turret top; 20—wireless aerial; 21—radiators; 22—cooling fan; 23—port bank of V-type engine; 24—self-changing gear-box; 25—clutches; 26—air intake to carburettors; 27—final drive; 28—driving sprocket; 29—air louvres

TANK WARFARE *(Cont.)*

A LINE OF TURRETS FOR THE NEW "COVENANTERS": One of the main assembly shops at a Ministry of Supply factory in the Midlands. Tanks and turrets are being produced here on mass-production lines

A NEW "CRUSADER" TANK BEING PUT THROUGH ITS PACES BEFORE BEING HANDED OVER TO THE ARMY: Despite the weight of their armour (which is fairly heavy), these 18-ton tanks can travel almost as fast as express trains. Rough, broken country offers little difficulty to them

THE VERY NEWEST—THE MARK V. "COVENANTER": So named by Lord Beaverbrook, who is now in charge of their production, the "Covenanter" is the latest addition to our mechanised forces. It has been described as "an armoured greyhound," so great is its speed and manœuvrability. It has excellent armour and formidable firing power, and is somewhat less weighty than the "Valentine" infantry tank. In the last six months the factory employed in the manufacture of these tanks has quadrupled its output, and to-day each tank can be made in one-third of the time taken originally



IN "'MATILDA'S' PARLOUR," otherwise the Control Compartment of a Mark II Infantry tank, known in the Army as "Matilda": This view was taken through the manhole at the top of the turret. It shows the closely-packed complexity of the interior. The breech-block of the two-pounder gun can just be seen at the lower centre. The commander, with one hand on the wireless controls, is giving directions to the other tanks through a microphone. Beneath his arm is a rack of two-pounder shells. In close action, this manhole door is closed and the gunner lays his guns by a periscope sight which protrudes through the roof

THIS TANK COMES FROM THE UNITED STATES: It shows quite another idea in tank construction—high-sided, and with a terrific concentration of fire-power. It weighs 28 tons and is claimed to be one of the most powerfully armed fighting vehicles in the world

(Continued from preceding page)

almost certainly be in close support of the armoured vehicles.

In our second tactical situation we have an example of machine *versus* machine.

Three high enemy tanks are moving down a narrow, slightly sunken road when they are engaged by three low-built British tanks.

Strategically, the enemy tanks are in a favourable position, as they are almost completely hidden by the bank of the road and their guns are low enough to fire at the bellies of the British tanks. Therefore they must be persuaded or forced to come into the open.

This might be achieved by the following methods:

1.—The three British tanks would, after a few moments, break off the action and withdraw in the hope that the enemy would be enticed to leave the road. As they came over the crest of the rise fire would be concentrated on the underpart of the enemy tanks.

2.—One or more of the British tanks would make a determined effort to immobilise the leading enemy vehicle, thus blocking the road for the other two, compelling them to stop or come into the open. If they retreated our tanks would then spread out fanwise and try to outflank and encircle the two remaining tanks.

In an action such as this, the initial advantage would be with the enemy from the protective point of view, but with the British tanks from freedom of action and room in which to manœuvre.

H.M.S. "KING GEORGE V," ON WHICH THE KING SPENT THREE DAYS during his visit to the Fleet in Northern waters. His Majesty is here actually seen leaving at the termination of his stay

THE KING WITH THE HOME FLEET

The King has just completed a three-day visit to the Home Fleet in Northern waters, during which he slept aboard Britain's newest and mightiest battleship, the *King George V*. From the bridge this 35,000-ton vessel Admiral Tovey directed the Fleet in the action against the *Bismarck*; and the Admiral's cabin of the same vessel the Commander-in-Chief was invested with the K.C.B. by the King. During his visit, King George visited aircraft-carriers, cruisers and destroyers which have taken part in recent actions: and during the whole three days every ship was under "short notice" and ready to engage the enemy. For the first time a King of England had come to his Fleet by air: he was flown in a Lockheed Hudson by Wing Commander Fielden. On the quarter-deck his Majesty was received with all the ceremonial of a peacetime visit. At the same time as Admiral Tovey received the K.C.B., seven officers and fifteen ratings were also decorated

THE KING BEING PIPED ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP OF A CRUISER SQUADRON: His Majesty inspected many units of the Home Fleet, as well as naval aircraft

THE KING WITH THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: Admiral Tovey was knighted by the King in the Admiral's cabin aboard H.M.S. *King George V*, and invested with the K.C.B. It was from this cabin that the Admiral went up to the bridge to direct the Fleet in the *Bismarck* action. Here the King and the Admiral are seen on the quarter-deck of the great battleship

OTHER THINGS THAN WAR . . .

Autumn Reading; Queen Victoria; Japan Twenty Years Back; Tidying-Up

MRS. WOOD AND MISS BRADDON.—Those two great masters of Victorian melodrama in fiction—Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Braddon—are my stand-by for escape literature these days—still with Trollope. I find I have read twenty-five Trollopes and at least a dozen of these ladies' novels since 1940. The London Library must be surprised by my appetite for the genus *East Lynne* and *Lady Audley's Secret* and be anticipating a monograph!

Their methods never vary. Their plots are woven of an unvarying texture. Misunderstandings which could separate none but the hero and heroine, lost wills, purloined codicils, wicked baronets, unsolved crimes, fantastic altruism, maddening resignation, patient suffering, macabre funerals. They play havoc with legal procedure and the elementary laws of evidence, with medical etiquette and the usages of high life. They are the very essence of Lyceum melodrama at its worst and best . . . *but* they can tell a story as no other (unless Wilkie Collins) ever did, where that story must be constantly gripping, sensational and grim. Of their enormous combined output, I would put *Lord Oakburn's Daughters* (by Mrs. Wood) in front of *East Lynne* or *Lady Audley*, and *Verner's Pride* in the front rank. Between them, they give you about fifty winners in the "Escape" Stakes. Back them!

"We Authors, Madam."—Every autumn comes to me again that intense longing for the air and spaciousness and wild beauty of the Highlands, that painful longing once more to walk out of the train at Kingussie and drink in the moorland air and the incomparable view of Cairngorm. And then, if that longing cannot be satisfied (and only in the war years of my life has it gone unsatisfied), I take down and read for the umpteenth time that incomparable book by Queen Victoria (not much helped by Helps), *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands*. Dizzy, no doubt, in his relations with the Queen was often a hypocrite and a flatterer. But he was very shrewd, and when he coupled her with himself in his *We Authors, Madam*, he was shrewder than he knew and less of a flatterer. For those "Leaves" are evergreen. You can turn them time and again with new delight in their unconscious humour and in their very real literary merit. Wherein lies the merit? First, because the Highlands were new to the young Queen when she wrote. She saw their beauties with new eyes of pride (in possession) and of interest in discovery.

If every scene of beauty in Scotland reminded Prince Albert of something a little better in Germany, every such scene thereby afforded enhanced beauty to Queen Victoria.

She was seeing her personal treasures for the first time, and her delight in ownership added colour to her well-trained brush. She had inherited from her grandmother of Saxe-Coburg notable descriptive powers, and she used them in her journal, reinforced by infinite care and pains in absorbing the local history and traditions of the places she visited.

She has still no peer in a description of a summer sunset on the high tops, of mountain scenery or Highland travel in carriage, on pony-back or on foot, or by boat; and her naïveté adds charm and truth and point to her word pictures. Seventy years after publication, and a century after writing, her Journal of Highland tours is almost as refreshing and stimulating as a visit, bag and baggage, to Blair or Braemar. And that is high literary praise.

Let me persuade you to test my judgment here and now.

Japan, Twenty Years Back.—The observant traveller in Japan twenty years ago singled out among his first impressions of that little-known country its "littleness," material and spiritual.

Indeed, he found there only two things which were great and grand—Fujiyama and the Daibutsu, the giant figure of Buddha, at Kamakura. For the rest, he saw nothing but *pettiness*. Littleness in space, in men, in women, in children, in houses, in pictures, in minds and in manners.

Even then, the average Japanese displayed petty bad manners towards foreigners and, except on ceremonial occasions, to each other. Of spiritual life he found hardly a trace. It was a man-made, man-run country, and woman's part was simply to labour and laugh to please the men. A hard, surface materialism was everywhere to be observed, revealed in great efficiency in supplying creature comforts and none in perfecting social services.

One traveller at least (E. V. Lucas) found Japan disturbing twenty years ago, after many examples of brutish Japanese insults to foreigners. "Japan for the Japanese" (he wrote) would seem to be the motto: one day, not far distant, to be amended to "The World for Japan."

He was a shrewd prophet. Perhaps we were hoodwinked by the eagerly polite little Japs whom we met in London streets. But the Oriental can always deceive the Westerner.

Tidying-Up.—The joys of autumn are as many as its poignant causes of regret, and there is nothing new to be said of those joys or those regrets. The longer winter evenings have no compensating merits while night-bombing is the "order of the day," and the coming winter is likely to be as hard as any we have known. Therefore, it is only some of the pleasures which autumn brings which a journalist dare venture to stress, and I will choose but two, which lose none of their zest even in wartime—harvesting generally, and tidying-up. The joy that lies in gathering-in and storing is primitive, and the need this year vital indeed. Especially pleasing are the harvests of nature's free gifts—blackberries, nuts, fir cones and firewood. Next in order of delight come special war provisions—the collection of seeds for feeding poultry, the harvest of buckwheat, sunflower and lupin seeds, intended to supplement the sorry grain ration. Then there is the harvest of soft and hard (if any) fruits from the garden for jamming and bottling. All these toils are sheer pleasure.

Tidying-up is a smug pleasure also. It is satisfying to clear the decks and snug-down in the herbaceous border against autumn rains and storms. I am always glad when I can sheer to the roots the sprawling lupins, delphiniums, poppies and daisies, and leave that border clear for the autumn flowers—the Michaelmas daisies, the sunflowers, the chrysanthemums and dahlias.

I have never found the ideal method of holding up clumps of Michaelmas daisies. Sprawl they will in their turn, and no amount of stakes and strings, elaborately interwoven, will prevent it.

Posts and wire are better, but best perhaps is to stretch over them in June lengths of broad-meshed wire, and to add a higher layer of wire in July. Then they may stand firm, but the disentangling of the wire in late autumn is troublesome work. Later will come the burning of leaves and rough grass, the clearing of paths overgrown with azalea and rhododendron shoots, and the weeding of them.

It is delightful work, chiefly perhaps because the weather is usually exactly fitted for such work, the ideal mean of temperature, when the smoke of fires goes straight up in a sweet-smelling savour and a fawn-coloured world glows under a golden sun.

Down on the Farm.—While shattering, earthquaking, decisive battles of the world are taking place all over Europe and far beyond on sea and land and in the air, *paullo minora cano*. After all, two years is a long time to wait for a holiday, and it is quite a big personal experience to break with habits acquired by continuous practice for 700 days. All those days one has worked hard; but now, for a brief ten-days period, one is working more with one's hands and working for someone else. Down on the farm I was given the job of estate carpenter.

I should describe myself as an ugly technician, with a dash of Heath Robinson, but rather more permanence in my effects and efforts than his sketches suggest. What I do looks awkward, but will resist the winds and rains and serve its purpose. "Business done" includes: one large hen-house reroofed and reslatted, several coops reconditioned. The back wall of a cow-house reboarded and a window built in. Several yard-doors repainted or creosoted. A number of house-doors planed, squared and rehandled. Some black-out shutters fashioned and fitted to window-frames. Some glass panes put in.

One or two agricultural implements fitted with nuts. Some harness repaired and cleaned. Gates and fencing remade, and some rabbit-netting laid down. I was offered also the job of bricklayer, but I am not of the Premier's versatility, and I modestly refused. Instead, I chose for recreation the job of scarecrow, and shoot or scare such harvest marauders as I meet in my evening walks abroad.

Those which are edible are welcomed by the cook. The days fly by, filled with pleasant, important trifles and almost one forgets the war. That is the right sort of holiday. It is not heartlessness, but sheer, downright doctor's wisdom to try to "forget the war" for a week every two years or so.

J. G.

THE OPENING OF THE LAMB-SALE SEASON: The first large sale of lambs this year took place at Honeybourne, in Worcestershire, where nearly 13,000 lambs were penned. The picture above shows a general view of the pens, with prospective buyers casting experienced eyes over the animals offered for sale

DERELICT LAND PRODUCES BRITAIN'S BIGGEST WHEATFIELD: Land which had not been ploughed for twenty years before the war, and which was practically derelict, has now produced what is believed to be Britain's largest wheatfield of 400 acres. This huge sea of wheat is situated on the Sussex Downs, and is only one of many which will, it is estimated, bring in the greatest harvest of the century. Thus are the farmers giving of their best to feed a wartime Britain; and Land-girls are busy in all parts of the country bringing in the valuable harvest. Here is a general view of the scene on the Downs as the girls drive the self-binders across the field

PEOPLE PROMINENT IN THE NEWS

THE NEW ZEALAND PREMIER WITH DOMINION AIRMEN : Mr. Peter Frazer, now in Great Britain, has just paid a visit to a New Zealand Fighter Command in the Home Counties. Here he is seen chatting to a Squadron Leader who has been awarded the D.F.C. and Bar, and who, in addition to shooting down a big bag of German machines, has himself been shot down eight times !

RUSSIAN FILMS TO BE SHOWN IN ENGLAND : In return for British war films, which have been flown to Russia for exhibition there, England is now to see many Russian films. The first of these, *A Day in the Life of the U.S.S.R.*, has just been seen by M. Maisky, Russian Ambassador, and Mr. Quentin Reynolds. The latter has provided the commentary for the film : he will be remembered for his recent broadcast to Herr Schikelgruber (Adolf Hitler). Both M. Maisky and Mr. Reynolds are seen above

P. G. WODEHOUSE AND HIS WIFE REUNITED IN BERLIN : The first picture of P. G. Wodehouse, former popular British author, now turned broadcaster for the Nazis, after he had been re-united with his wife. When Wodehouse was released from internment to broadcast to the United States, his wife, who had been living in Occupied France, was allowed to join him in the German capital : he is here seen (on the left) with his wife and a "Foreign Office representative" on the terrace of a German hotel. Since he took up his abode in Berlin, it is reported that a suite has been assigned to Wodehouse at the Adlon, Berlin's smartest hotel

A U-BOAT COMMANDER OF THE LAST WAR WHO NOW SAILS WITH THE BRITISH : Max X is the skipper of a small transport running between Tobruk and British bases in the Middle East. During the last war he was the commander of a German submarine ; he is now an exile from the Nazi Reich, and is taking part in the British stand against Nazi persecution and aggression. Above, Skipper Max X is yarning with Mr. Stan Sheldon, well known in sporting circles in Sydney, about incidents at sea during the last war

THE NEW GRETA GARBO—The famous film-star adopts a quite different hair style : Greta Garbo, who has worn her hair in a long bob for years, astonished Hollywood recently when she appeared in a restaurant wearing her hair in a short bob as seen above. Her hair is now combed forward from the crown of the head, while there are scattered "bangs" across the forehead and a permanent wave in the ends

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

FICTIONAL FINESSES IN VARIED FORM

C. S. Forester's Yankee Hero; Norah Hoult Guys the "Deep South" School; A Tough Tyro; Sassoon and Saroyan Selected

WHEN Britain was fighting Napoleon there was a little matter of the blockade in which the United States was also involved. This provides Mr. C. S. Forester with the setting of yet another yarn of the sea, although a Hornblowerless one. It was the last conflict between Britain and America, and Mr. Forester does not bother with the historical events which led up to this undesirable state of affairs.

The British blockade of United States ports was complete and successful, and the running of it was an adventure demanding a high standard of courage and recklessness from those who would attempt it.

THE CAPTAIN FROM CONNECTICUT (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) was Captain Josiah Peabody, commanding the *Delaware*, a frigate of thirty-six guns.

From the moment he sails out from Brooklyn on a dark night and in a blizzard we know that our sympathy is going to be enlisted for him and his gallants, even though his enemies are going to be exclusively British. An excellent raider he turns out to be: a continual headache to My Lords of the Admiralty, and to those in command of the units of the blockading fleets.

Mr. Forester, who is never more at home than upon the deck of a sailing vessel, ploughing the Atlantic, running the Caribbean, or upon any of the waters of the Seven Seas, has a fine old time with his hero among the convoys and merchant shipping of the British trade routes. There is one action, described in some detail, in which he manœuvres an enemy frigate into single combat, puts it out of action, attacks a corvette, and, in the general mêlée that follows, succeeds in bringing about the destruction of fourteen merchantmen.

Captain Peabody then runs up against a strange and unexpected happening. A foreign sloop bears down on to the scene, flying an unfamiliar flag. It turns out to be the white and gold ensign of the monarch who had supplanted Napoleon. The Frenchman, presumably by now a neutral in the Anglo-American war, gets in between the gallant Captain from Connecticut and his British opponent, both of them spoiling for a fight, and makes it possible for the Captain to turn his attention to romance, and to relieve somewhat his preoccupation with fighting.

It is quite impossible for Mr. Forester to write a story of the sea which does not carry the reader along with it from the word go. Josiah Peabody may be no Hornblower; he may be a slightly more "made" character, but his attendant crew, the elusive and delightful Ann of Philadelphia and the exhilaration of continual action, more than make up for that.

Novels of the Deep South, whose principal characters are negroes, are apt to be affairs of grim realism, and much concerned with racial problems. Miss Norah Hoult, who is neither an American nor from the South, deep or otherwise, exercises her undeniable right as a novelist of gifts to produce a novel all about negroes. She does not burk the issue on the racial problem, but looks at it objectively, from the outside, refusing to take it seriously, and even going out of her way to poke fun at those earnest people who are addicted to gloom and good works in this direction.

A WONDERFUL RECORD OF ACHIEVEMENT BY THE PENNY-A-WEEK FUND: At the Connaught Rooms in London a few days ago the chairman of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund delivered a special message from the Duke concerning the future activities of the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund. One million pounds per annum is now received from this scheme, and it is hoped that even this fine figure will be doubled! Mr. James Shaw retiring President of the National Federation of Retail Newsagents, made this the occasion to present a cheque representing the contributions to the Penny-a-Week Fund of 25,000 members of his Federation. Above he is seen handing the cheque to Lord Southwood (Chairman of the Penny Fund); on the right is Lord Iliffe (Chairman of the Red Cross and St. John Fund)

MISS DOROTHY THOMPSON VISITS THE CZECH FORCES IN BRITAIN: The famous American journalist now visiting this country has just paid a visit to the Midlands to inspect Czech troops. She was accompanied by Mr. Jan Masaryk (Czech Foreign Minister; on left) and was received by General Miroslav, Commander-in-Chief of the Czech Forces (on right)

SMILIN' ON THE VINE (Heinemann. 8s.) is a story which does not pretend to profundity, but sets out from the start to be gay, amusing and almost inconsequential. Augusta Hortense Casey should, as a child, have been as holy as she was black. Her father was a preacher who knew all about sin, and he spent most of his time denouncing it, in and out of his home. Unfortunately, the rest of his private life did not march with his oft-declared convictions, so Augusta was able to weigh things up for herself and to take outrageous advantage of the comic white family in whose service she found herself at fifteen as a domestic help.

The Parkinsons' attempt to emancipate the mercurial Augusta only resulted in rebellion and in a deplorable mock-marriage with a lazy boy, who picked her up. So Augusta is packed off North to Maine, where her formidable Aunt Martha runs a laundry. Her buoyant personality breaks loose, even in these surroundings, with the result that a lot of well-meaning people are put to a lot of trouble on her account.

There is nothing much more in this story than a gay and light-hearted satire on people who are apt to take the problem children of problem peoples a little too seriously. It is, in fact, an amusing piece of debunking of the Deep South school of literature, and welcome not only on that account, but for evidence once more of Miss Hoult's lightness of touch and deft technique.

Miss Pamela Kellino is a new recruit to the "tough" school of literature, in which the language of the slums, with a good many of its most shocking colloquialisms, is used to give force and realism to the narrative. In the past there were a number of writers who used to specialise in a study of life as it is lived in the Near East, and of the rugged types who dwell beyond Aldgate Pump. To-day there are not so many.

THIS LITTLE HAND (Robert Hale. 8s.) is told in the first person by Flo Parker, to whom we are first introduced as a girl of sixteen living in the most appalling conditions with a drunken mother, a ne'er-do-well of a father, a half-witted sister and a schoolboy cousin. Using the tough argot of the East End (which, by the way, seems recently to have enriched itself, possibly through the movies, by the absorption of some American slang) Miss Kellino enlists our sympathy for Flo from the word go. There is humour, courage and a heart-breaking pathos in this bright-eyed *gamine's* attitude to the sordid circumstances against which she had to battle to live.

She was not a "bad" girl in any sense of the word, as witness her independence and forthright attitude to the easy way in which other girls of her class could be seen to live. But Ma, for all that she loved her, was not much of a help, and the dim-witted Edie *had* to get into trouble, so that in her desperate attempts to find a way out, Flo gets caught up with a bad character from the underworld.

It was not Flo's fault that she fell in love with him, or that her first excursion into crime with him involved them both in a gruesome murder. From that moment onwards she was sunk, and the book ends with all the drama of a murder trial. Flo it was who was on trial, for she had to cut her lover's throat in order to save an innocent man.

It is all very tough and sordid, yet at the same time it has a warm and human quality, and it is Miss Kellino's achievement that she never yields an inch in her sympathy for her tragic little heroine. There is a good deal of power in this book, and some signs that when certain immaturities can be overcome the author may have a long way to go on the literary road.

In Messrs. Faber and Faber's excellent series of Sesame books, published at 3s. 6d., are now included THE INSURANCE SALESMAN AND OTHER STORIES, by William Saroyan, and THE FLOWER-SHOW MATCH AND OTHER PIECES, by Siegfried Sassoon.

Both are admirable selections, and progressively establish the excellence of each of these authors' works in this sphere. William Saroyan, of course, is the easier to arrange, since stories like *Seventy-thousand Assyrians*, *Snake* and *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*, fall naturally into progression. Incidentally, this collection should serve to remind us how much there is to be found in Saroyan when one digs below the Runyonesque surrealities. To one reader at least he seems to claim direct succession to Tchekov.

Siegfried Sassoon's *Pieces* do not stand so happily out of their canvases. He is not a writer from whom one should skim such cream though cream indeed it is.

Those of us who have never been particularly Left or Right who have been shy of political colours and have never particularly enjoyed the addition to our language of words like "ideology" and "totalitarianism" (and there are millions of us), are now enjoying the spectacle of the Pinks and the Reds sorting themselves out on the same battlefront.

From the intellectual Left now comes a broadside from the versatile Mr. Victor Gollancz. RUSSIA AND OURSELVES (Gollancz. 2s. 6d.) is an education in political theory and action and skilled dialectics. That British foreign policy, up to the outbreak of war, was deplorable and disastrous is a fact about which there is no argument. That the Russo-German Pact and the Russian war of aggression against Finland were equally deplorable are matters to be debated at length.

Mr. Gollancz is no Communist and he wallops into them good and hard in this treatise. He also despises appeasement, and points out to the more Red of our friends what effect the non-aggressive tactics of Uncle Joe had on the French collapse.

He winds up with a plea to take the Communist Party into camp without further delay, *Daily Worker* and all, and to "put the needs of the present before the memory of the past." To which, I profoundly believe, millions of us will shout an enormous "AYE!" But how about Uncle Joe calling off the Comintern as a *quid pro quo*?

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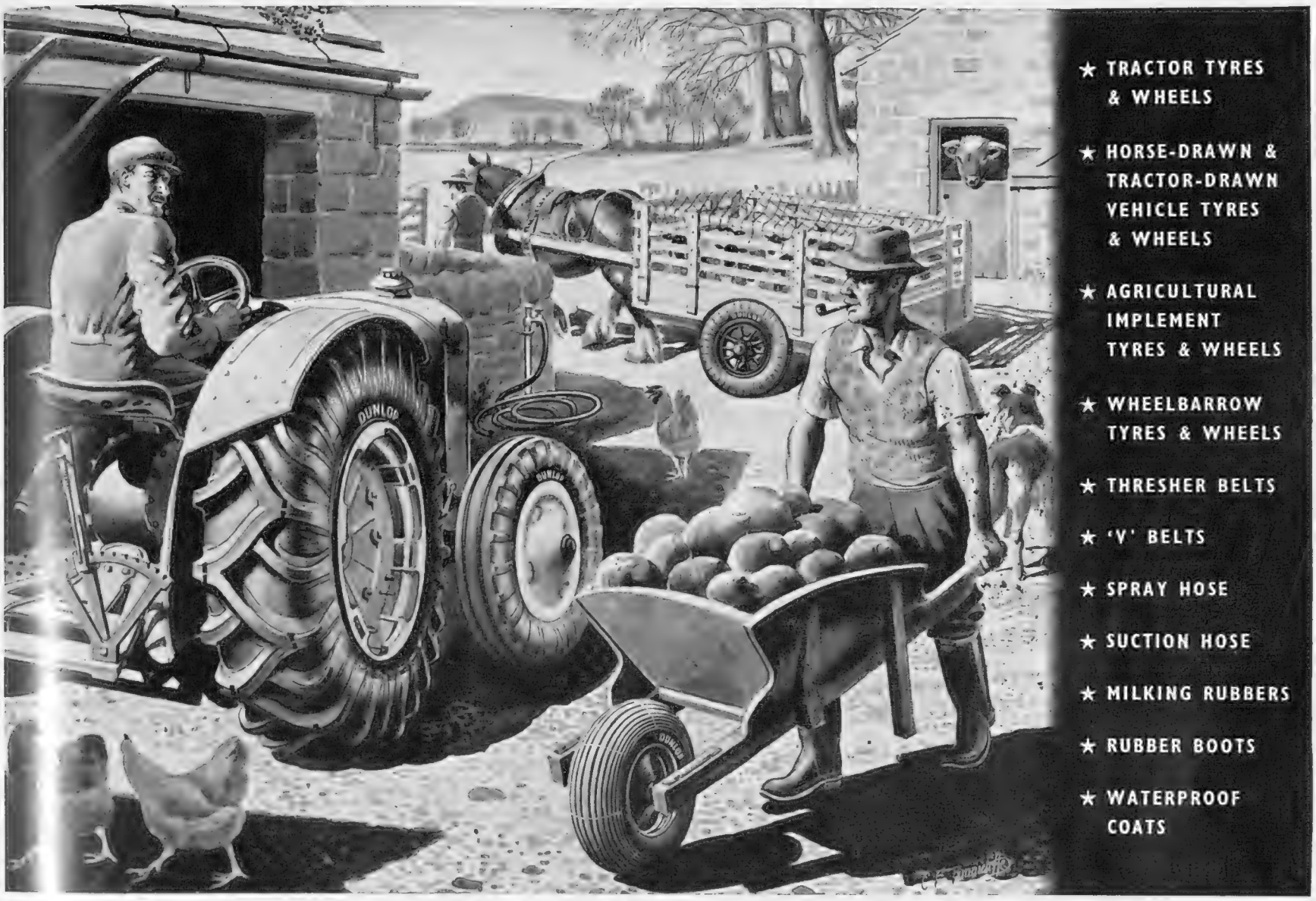

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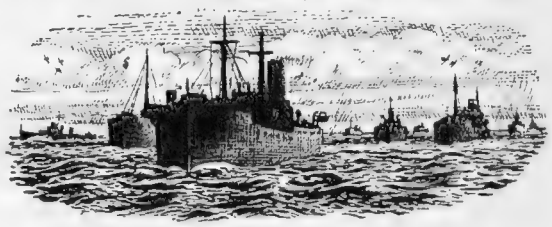

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AN APOLOGY TO OUR READERS AND HOTELIERS

✧ ✧ ✧

Owing to the acute paper shortage and the consequent extreme pressure on our space, the regular feature, "In Quest of Good Hotels," has been omitted from this and last week's issues of "The Sphere." It will reappear next week in a somewhat different form, and will, it is hoped, continue to serve its useful purpose.

FOR WRITING SATISFACTION—

SWAN INKS

SWAN PENS

MADE THROUGHOUT IN THE BRITISH ISLES

What to give war-time convalescents and invalids who cannot take solid food

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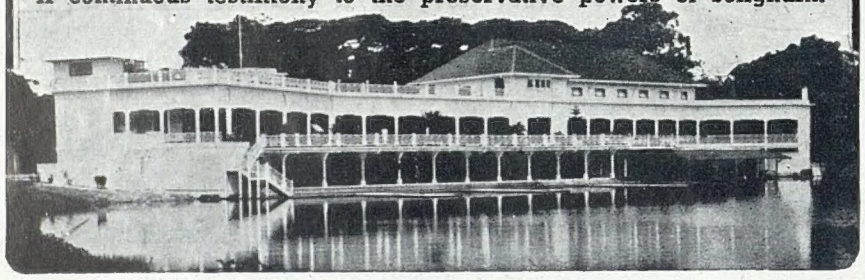

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BRITAIN'S EXPORT TRADE—V

Australia and New Zealand, though they are situated "Down Under," obtain between 40 and 45 per cent. of their imports from Britain

RUSSIA in Europe is a gigantic country, as the Nazis are finding out to their cost, but our Dominion of Australia is twice the size of Russia, or about three-quarters the size of all Europe, while New Zealand is roughly the size of Great Britain and North Ireland. But about half of Australia's vast area is too arid to support a settled population, while only about 10 per cent. is suitable for the more intensively populated parts, so it is not surprising to find that the total population of what is sometimes described as a continent is only about 7,000,000, while there are a little over 1,500,000 in New Zealand.

Yet, in spite of being right on the opposite side of the globe, these two dominions obtain between 40 and 45 per cent. of their imports from the Mother Country alone. On the other hand, we have been taking from 50 to 55 per cent. of Australia's exports, and as much as 80 per cent. from New Zealand.

To form some idea of the goods these countries are likely to buy, it is necessary to know what their home industries are. Australia's biggest industry is pastoral—sheep and cattle raising. She tops the world's list with over 113,000,000 sheep (nearly twice that of the next country — U.S.S.R.), and produces over 1,000,000,000 lb. of wool, or a quarter of the whole world's yearly output. Her agricultural industries, owing to the great range of climate between North and South, include many kinds of crops, the chief of these being wheat, sugar cane, fruit orchards and vineyards. Her dairy produce includes a yearly production of nearly 200,000 tons of butter, 25,000 tons of cheese and 33,000 tons of bacon and ham. Her mineral industries —much less than they used to be, though still appreciable—include the mining of gold, silver, copper, tin and zinc.

In round figures which are a fair average of the last three years, the general order of values of materials which Britain could well supply of such goods have been on the following lines. Textile goods, £10,000,000 worth; motor cars and other road vehicles nearly £7,000,000; electrical machinery and appliances about £5,000,000; iron and steel plates, tubes, etc., £3,000,000; printing paper, £2,500,000; stationery and paper manufactures, £2,200,000; chemicals, fertilisers and medicinal goods, £500,000; and so on.

During the year 1938-39 Australia bought nearly £13,000,000 worth of goods from what are now enemy countries or others in Europe which are not now accessible. Where did the chief items of this total come from? Take Japan, who was a big supplier, but is now, thanks to her greed for aggression, as good as cut off altogether. She supplied over £4,000,000 worth, nearly three-quarters of which was in textile goods of all kinds and clothing; £200,000 worth of fancy goods, toys, etc.; a similar amount for glass and earthenware goods, and about the same amount for foodstuffs—mostly fish.

Germany handled over £3,000,000 worth, about half of which was in metal goods and machinery; £500,000 worth of textiles and clothing; with a similar value of chemicals, drugs and fertilisers; while in fancy goods, clocks, etc., about £150,000 was spent there, and over £250,000 in optical and scientific instruments.

France, Belgium, Sweden (specialising in dairy machinery) and Switzerland each sold about £1,000,000 worth, while Italy got about £750,000.

Most of these goods could now be supplied by Great Britain.

In New Zealand we have a compact, well-settled community of 1,600,000 people, almost entirely "whites," with about 91,000 Maories, inhabiting the two main islands. Like Australia and other of the relatively young Empire countries, whose home industries are chiefly of an agricultural and pastoral nature, the biggest items of their imports are in the way of machinery, steam- and water-power plant to develop natural sources of power, farming implements and dairy machinery. On finished machines alone New Zealand spent £6,500,000 in 1938; on metal manufactures other than finished machinery about £5,500,000; a similar amount on motor-cars and other road vehicles, including over £1,000,000 on railway and tramway plant. New Zealand has about 215,000 motor-cars, or one to every eight of the population—man, woman and child—apart from trucks for industrial uses.

Britain had a very good share of the total of £39,000,000 spent on imports in 1940, or nearly 47 per cent., while she took over 80 per cent. of New Zealand's exports, so there is room for more of the former to level up the account. New Zealand has, like the other countries of the Empire, been very patriotic, as 77 per cent. of her total imports came from the British Empire. She bought from Australia, her nearest big supplier, £6,500,000 worth; from Canada £2,300,000, and from the U.S.A. £4,900,000 of goods.

AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST INDUSTRY: Sheep-raising in the Commonwealth produces 1,000,000,000 lb. of wool a year, a quarter of the world's output, and she tops the world's list with over 113,000,000 sheep. Here are a few of them seen at a farm in Bungaree, South Australia

Limited space will only allow mention of a few of the chief classes of goods imported during the last ten years, so as to give some indication of the general trend during that time, and which have been obtained from foreign countries whose trade we might well replace with ours, such as Japan, Germany and others.

Japan developed an increasing volume of trade in certain lines. In hosiery goods her share increased during that period from ½ per cent. to 12½ per cent.; in footwear from 0 to 8¼; in miscellaneous drapery from ½ to 10; and in cotton-piece goods from 3 to 14 per cent. In silk and artificial silk goods—the former being one of her special native products—Japan has had from 30 to 45 per cent. of the total imports of these. In fancy goods and toys she increased from 3½ to 13½ per cent.

Germany also had a good share of New Zealand's imports. In photographic materials this ranged from 13 to 28 per cent.; the actual values being respectively £17,000 to £60,000 worth in four years. Of various classes of machinery and of electrical appliances her sales increased to three times; and she also sold a lot of artificial silk goods.

Only the other day the Minister of Post-War Reconstruction—Mr. Greenwood—stated that the British Government would purchase from Australia and New Zealand all that the ships at Britain's disposal allowed us to transport. This implies that those ships will have to take cargoes out there first. Let us hope they will be full cargoes of British goods.

Edwin H. Judd

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1941. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post office, 1903.

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